

Mr Conrad 581

Chapter 581-It was almost midnight by the time Stella arrived home and the baby was already asleep.

“Are you doing fine? You worked till late on the first day,” Madison asked as she yawned.

“Something was up, I won’t be this late tomorrow,” Stella replied.

“Yeah I know, my husband called and told me about what happened at your office, I’m not complaining.” Madison picked up her stuff, “I shall leave now, see you tomorrow.”

Stella went into the bedroom to have a look at the baby soon as Madison left. All worries and stresses vanished at that moment.

Sherry came from next door at this moment, “You are back, Stella.”

“You are still awake?” Stella asked as she nodded.

“I went back for a shower,” she sat on the sofa, “Madison is such a nagger but she is good at taking care of the baby. The baby kept crying after you left in the morning while Madison had been trying to calm him down the whole day, patiently. She wasn’t annoyed at all.”

Stella was stunned when hearing that and automatically looked at the baby in the bedroom, “He cried?”

Realizing she said something wrong, Sherry let out a laugh, “It’s nothing really, maybe he wasn’t used to not having you around at first, but he was fine right after that, not crying.”

Stella remained silent for a while before she asked, “Daniel is not home yet?”

Sherry leaned on the sofa, “He called thirty minutes ago saying he’ll be here tomorrow morning. It’s good that he is not coming, I could have some leisure time alone.”

“Do you really mean it?” Stella smiled lightly.

“Of course... I mean it. You don't know how stressful I feel having him monitoring me like a criminal every day.”

Stella sat next to her, “What is happening between you two now?”

A lot had happened in these few days and she didn't even have time to ask.

Sherry sighed, “He asked me to keep the baby and promised to take good care of me. This is it and we will talk about the rest in the future. It's no big deal. I can give birth and raise the child on my own like you. It makes no difference with or without him.”

She had given it a thorough thought at the hospital last time and decided she couldn't abort the baby. Especially when she saw Stella's son these days, crawling and playing around, she began looking forward to the arrival of her own kid.

She knew Daniel didn't want to get married, and she had no intention of asking him for anything, but he had allowed her to settle down.

“Have you decided?” Stella asked.

Sherry nodded, “Yes. A single mother raising a kid is very common nowadays. Instead of forcing two individuals to be together because of a baby, it is better to have separate lives. He can spend time or lives with the baby anytime he wants to, I think this is a good idea.”

“Alright, it's late, I'm going to hit the sack now, rest early,” she said as she rose.

“Alright, good night.”

Stella sat resting on the sofa for a few moments after Sherry left. Her doorbell rang as she was heading for the shower. She thought Sherry left something behind but saw Clarence instead when she opened the door.

Stella blocked him from entering the house, "The baby is asleep, come tomorrow if you want to see him."

Clarence stood with his hand in his pocket, "I know, I'm not here to see him, I'm here to..."

Stella wanted to close the door before letting him finished.

Clarence quickly blocked the door with his hand, "I'm not finished," he said as he frowned.

Stella stood behind the door, 'There is no good thing whenever he visits,' she thought.

Clarence stroked his wet black hair and said slowly, "Can I borrow your hairdryer?"

"I don't have one."

"Liar, let me go in and check," Clarence insisted.

Stella didn't move an inch, "You have two houses and no hairdryer?"

Clarence, "It's all broken coincidentally."

"You are such a misfortune guy."

Clarence was speechless for a second and said, "Aren't neighbor should help each other? Can't you lend me a hairdryer?"

“I’m stingy and petty, if you borrow and refuse to return it, I’ll be uncomfortable asking it back, so I can only choose not to lend it to you now.”

Clarence’s pulse on his temples was racing, “I will return it.”

Stella was determined, “That’s hard to tell, you are not trustworthy to me.”

Clarence lost his energy, “How am I going to sleep then?”

“It’s pretty windy today, go sit for half an hour downstairs to dry your hair.” She closed the door after that.

Clarence had the door closed on his nose and went back next door with pouting lips.

He went into the washroom, took out the dryer, turned it on, and an idea crossed his mind. He brought the toolbox and broke some wires in the dryer before he went for a cold shower again.

...

The next afternoon, Stella received a call from Nathan.

“Ms. Radomil, Mr. Conrad hasn’t shown up at work and he couldn’t be reached via phone, do you know where he is?”

“How would I know?”

“Mr. Conrad had never been missing in action like this, I’m worried if anything happens to him.”

“You can visit his home if you are worried,” Stella replied casually.

"I can't. There is a meeting ten minutes later and I have to attend on behalf of Mr. Conrad since he is not here."

Stella, "I see."

Nathan coughed and began worrying again, "Mr. Conrad was discharged from the hospital before fully recovered, and a lot had happened these days, I wonder if his body could handle it. If he faints somewhere without anyone knowing..."

Stella interrupted, "Don't you have a meeting to attend ten minutes later, do you not need to prepare?"

"Oh yes, goodbye Ms. Radomil."

Stella set her mobile aside after hanging up. She stared at the design draft in front of her but couldn't start drawing.

She let out a breath after a few minutes, picked up her stuff, and stood up.

"Do you need to go somewhere?" Her assistant asked with files in hands.

Stella nodded, "I will have a look later when I come back, call me if anything happens."

"Okay."

Stella headed back to her rented house right after she left Steward Group.

She stood at Clarence's door and rang the bell several times but no one answered.

Stella looked at the lock, hesitated for a moment, and pressed the same passcode of the previous apartment.

The door was opened two seconds later.

The passcode was the date of their wedding anniversary.

Stella went in and found that all curtains were closed and the house was quiet.

“Clarence?” She called out softly.

There was no reply.

Stella opened the curtains for some air ventilation and then headed to the bedroom. She heard some noise in the bedroom, opened the door, and saw Clarence lying on the bed with his head soaked in sweats, frowning.

Chapter 582-Stella approached and touched his forehead. It was burning hot and both his hair and pillow were wet.

She frowned, ‘He sleeps with his hair wet last night?’

Stella then opened up the curtains for some air and called, “Clarence, can you hear me? Wake up, I’ll send you to the hospital.”

He didn’t reply but held her hand.

Stella couldn’t struggle free from his grip, ‘He is sick, where does his energy come from?’ She thought.

His condition didn’t allow her to send him to the hospital.

Stella reached for her mobile in her bag and called Nathan, "Clarence is having a high fever now, come and send him to the hospital if your meeting is done, I can't manage by myself."

Nathan lowered his voice, "I need to stay till night here, I will send Mr. Conrad's doctor over, in the meantime, please take good care of him."

Nathan ended the call right away, leaving no room for Stella to reject.

Stella was at loss for words.

Since when did she agree to take care of him?

She let out a long sigh, set her mobile aside, took out some tissues in her bag, and began wiping off the sweats on his forehead, mumbling, "Of course you will get a fever sleeping with wet hair like this."

She then put her hands under the blanket once she finished wiping his sweats.

Indeed, his clothes and bedsheet were wet by his sweats too.

Stella called him once again, "Clarence, can you wake up? Go to rest on the sofa while I change your bedsheet."

Clarence's eyebrows moved and slowly opened his eyes.

Stella waved her hand before his eyes, "Can you hear me?"

Clarence opened his lips and asked in a husky voice, "Why are you here?"

Stella remained calm and used his favorite excuse, "Passing by."

She continued after a pause, "The doctor will be here soon, go to the sofa while I..."

"I'm too weak." Clarence closed his eyes again.

"I'm giving you a hand here, come on, move, don't just lie there."

Stella tried pulling him up with both hands, 'Never thought that this wretched man is so heavy.'

When she was pulling him in full force, he suddenly pulled back and Stella, who wasn't prepared, was pulled forward and fell onto his chest.

She wanted to get up but Clarence pushed her down with his hands on her waist, pressing her body against his.

Stella clenched her teeth, "Didn't you say you are weak?"

"It doesn't need much energy doing this."

"Let go of me," Stella said.

"I'm sick, be merciful."

"You do realize you are sick, so behave."

Clarence opened his eyes slowly and met her gaze, "I'm afraid you will go away if I let go."

Stella was speechless. There was no need to act pitiful.

She sighed lightly, "I'm not going away, I just want to change your bedsheet. Stay still if you are too weak to move, I will have Nathan over to..."

Stella felt the arms on her waist were gone soon as she finished.

She then sat up straight. What happened just now made her sweat and tired.

Clarence sat up and bent his legs slowly, "I'm dizzy," he said softly.

"There is nothing I can do," Stella said.

She then turned to get changing bedsheet but Clarence grabbed her hand again.

"You promise you won't go away."

"I..." Stella was helpless.

She looked at him, "Can you walk?"

"No."

Stella stretched her arms to pull him up, "I will help you up."

Clarence stood up holding her hands.

Stella let out a sigh of relief but he put his arm on her shoulder and leaned onto her body the next second.

Without letting her spoke, Clarence said, "Thank you, I feel dizzy the moment I stand up."

Stella became speechless once again.

She had finally managed to move Clarence to the sofa, Stella then removed the bedsheet in the bedroom.

She turned and looked at the man on the sofa who was covering his eyes single-handedly. She then took a pair of clean clothes to him, "Have some rest and change your clothes."

Clarence replied with "Hmm" without moving.

Stella couldn't find any clean bedsheet in his cupboard, so she went back to her place to get the new bedsheet she bought earlier.

She saw Clarence sat on the sofa half-naked, looking blank and lost the moment she returned to the bedroom.

"What kind of fashion is this?" Stella asked, slightly annoyed.

Clarence looked up, "I thought you left me," he said with a husky voice.

Stella took a deep breath, "I went to get a new bedsheet, change your clothes now."

Clarence frowned, "Dirty."

Stella recalled that this wretched man was super hygienic. There were sweats all over his body and it was hard to get him changed into clean clothes without a shower.

Stella wanted to say something but stopped when she saw the white gauze wrapping his wound on his arm already turned reddish.

She turned away without a word and came back with a basin of water.

Stella put the water on the coffee table and handed him a towel she squeezed.

Clarence glanced at it and then shut his eyes without taking it.

Stella, "Didn't you say your body is dirty? Wipe off the sweats and put on some clothes, do you want your fever to worsen?"

"I can't move, I feel weak," he continued, "Do whatever you like and leave me to die alone. Someone might discover and send me to the hospital if I'm lucky enough, otherwise, I will just die. I am a misfortune guy anyway, my wife and son left me."

Stella wanted to throw the towel on his face.

He did wrong but put on a pitiful victim face.

Stella approached him and begun wiping his neck as she warned, "Don't move and shut up."

Clarence listened to her. He did not say anything after that.

Stella avoided his injured part and wiped his body roughly. She was tired, soaked in sweat, and put down the towel, "It's done, put on your clothes."

Clarence opened his eyes, "It's done just like this?"

"What else do you want?"

"What about pants?"

Stella turned and gave him a fierce stared.

This wretched man was asking too much.

Clarence noticed that and said, "I can do the remaining myself."

Stella ignored him and went to change the bedsheet.

Clarence had finished changing his pants and was approaching her as she was done with the bedsheet.

The doorbell rang at this moment.

Stella put the dirty bedsheet in the washing machine, "The doctor is here, go lie down, I'll get the door."

Clarence looked at her back, with his brows lifted, smiling.

Chapter 583-After examined Clarence, the doctor reminded, "Your fever condition is quite serious; your wound is also infected and inflamed. You need to take good care and have balance, nutritious food, don't be reckless."

The doctor then turned to Stella and continued, "Mrs. Conrad, I will change the medicine in his wound in a short while, please change it for him twice a day after that, morning and night to prevent the wound condition to worsen."

Stella was stunned. Did it become her responsibility again?

The doctor began removing the gauze on Clarence's wound before Stella could reject.

The wound was bleeding and scary to look at.

Clarence looked at her and moved his body to the side to avoid her gaze. "Go outside, I can change it on my own."

Stella nodded and said, "I'll go out then."

"Okay."

After Stella left, the doctor said, "Mr. Conrad, it's your right arm that is wounded, it might be tough for you to change the medicine by yourself."

"As long as it won't kill me," Clarence said.

The doctor was speechless.

...

Stella bumped into Madison who was looking at her strangely at home.

She got herself a glass of water and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Why did you come back so early today? You went out with bedsheet just now, was it for Clarence?"

"He's having a fever and I can't find any changing bedsheet there, so..." Stella said.

Madison made a tsk sound, "What should I say about you two? Living under one roof now and living separately the next second. So many troubles, what's the fun of all this?"

Stella took a deep breath and went to cook some congee in the kitchen without a word.

The baby was sleeping in the living room. His chubby little tummy was revealed as he turned his body.

Stella pulled the blanket and put it on him lightly.

Madison asked, "Are you cooking congee for Clarence? Not bad, are you getting back together?"

Stella turned to her, "Do you know how the villain dies?"

Madison was confused, "Huh?"

"Too talkative."

Madison was in confusion for a few seconds before she screamed, "Who are you calling a villain?"

Stella smiled, "You know what I mean."

Madison grunted, "Ungrateful brat."

The pot was boiling on the gas stove. Stella stood up and got some chicken and vegetables from the fridge, she made chicken and vegetable congee.

After it was done, she poured it into a bowl and delivered it next door.

Clarence lied on the bed in the bedroom, looking sick, one couldn't tell if he was asleep or not.

The doctor had left.

Stella put the congee on the bedside, "I've cool it down a little, you can eat it now and have your medicine half an hour later."

"Did you cook this for me?" Clarence asked.

“It’s dog food,” Stella replied calmly.

Clarence was speechless.

“Eat it, I should go now,” Stella said.

Clarence grabbed her hand and glanced at his right arm, “Doctor said I can’t move this arm.”

Stella glanced at his hand that was holding her, “This arm looks perfect.”

Clarence released her immediately and let his arm fall onto the bed, “As you can see, I’m weak, it’s hard for me to eat.”

Stella gritted her teeth, ‘Such a troublesome wretched man.’

She sat by the bed holding the congee, feeding him.

Clarence smiled while opening his mouth.

When he almost finished, Stella asked, “Where is your medicine?”

Clarence raised his chin slightly and looked toward the coffee table.

“I’ll go get some water, take a nap and I’ll wake you up for medicine later,” Stella said.

Clarence stared deeply at her and asked softly, “Are you still upset?”

Stella didn’t answer, she put the bowl on the tray and was about to walk away.

“I didn’t lie, my hairdryer is broken, you can check if you want to.” Clarence said with a husky voice, “I’m not a liar that lies to you on everything.”

“I’m not free to check and whether the hairdryer is broken has nothing to do with me.”

She then took the tray and left.

A few minutes later, she returned with a glass of water, tear opened the packaging of the pills, and handed over the right dose to Clarence.

“It’s stated here that you will feel sleepy after taking the pills, so sleep after you have it,” Stella said,

“Are you leaving?” Clarence asked.

“Do you want me to stay and watch you sleep?”

Clarence tapped lightly on the bed next to him, “You can sleep here too.”

Stella didn’t say a word and left instantly while the wretched man watched her leaving coldly.

Clarence rubbed his temples and reached for his mobile on the bedside. There were numerous missed calls and unread text messages. He read them one by one and reply accordingly.

When Stella returned and saw him rubbing his nose while browsing the mobile, she frowned, “Why haven’t you sleep?”

“Didn’t you leave?”

They said almost simultaneously.

Stella looked at her handbag on the sofa, "I forgot something."

She went to pick it up and closed the curtain. She then turned to Clarence.

Clarence met her staring eyes, remained silent for a while, and put down the mobile.

"Goodbye," Stella said.

Clarence looked at her back and asked, "What's the menu for dinner?"

Stella turned, "What do you want to eat?"

Clarence smiled, "I'm okay with anything, I'm not picky."

Stella grunted, 'No one is considered picky in the world if he isn't.'

She realized something wrong after she left the bedroom and arrived at the door. 'Did I just agree to make him dinner tonight?'

Thinking about this gave her a headache. She closed the door and walked home. The door next door opened at this moment and Sherry popped her head out, full of curiosity, "What's all this about?"

"I..." Stella felt she had run out of excuses.

After some time, she said, "Clarence is sick, I sent him food."

Sherry nodded, "Isn't it troublesome to run back and forth? Let him move in."

Stella rejected instantly, "No, he has a fever, the baby might get it from him."

“You can move over then.”

“Am I insane?”

Sherry sighed, “Woman, you are not staying true to your heart.”

Stella paused for a while, “I need to get back to the office, stay alert about his condition, and go in to have a look if there is anything, I will be coming back in about two hours.”

Sherry nodded, “Sure, go on. Mr. Conrad is a pretty tough guy, I don’t think something will happen but I totally understand your worries and cares, don’t worry, I will keep an eye on him.”

Stella opened her lips, wanted to say something but gave up at the end.????

Chapter 584-Stella went back to Steward Group and read the documents sent by her assistant earlier. Time flies and it was already six in the evening when she looked at the time.

Samuel came in and said, “Ms. Radomil, the police said they already speed up Logan’s case jurisdiction, the result will be out soon, and basically, it will be a death penalty. While Mr. Bernard’s case is more complicated where more people were involved, hence, the investigation is still going on. Rumors have it that he contacted lots of people to get him out and to blame everything on Logan, however...”

“However?”

“The Conrad Group intervened and no one dares to help him. The biggest problem now is that he refuses to admit that he is related to the smuggling line, saying he didn’t know anything and he only does things ordered by Chairman Charles. If we failed to provide solid evidence after the detention period, he might be released.”

Stella bit her lips. Not only he wanted to blame everything on Logan, but he was also tried putting the smuggling case onto Lyndon. Instead of a crime convict, he became a victim that didn’t know anything.

Logan was the murderer, he had a few cases on him, and adding one more onto him seemed not that of a big deal. In the meantime, Lyndon had been missing, there was no evidence.

It was a good trick he was playing.

“Send all his crime proof we’ve collected to the police station and contact Bonnie, tell her she could be the witness to testify against Armand if she is willing to. Also, try locating other victims, regardless of the accuses, we can’t let him out of the police station again,” Stella instructed.

Samuel nodded, “Noted.”

“I will leave now if there is nothing else,” Stella said as she rose.

“Ms. Radomil,” Samuel called out from behind after she took a few steps.

“Yes?” Stella turned.

“I...” Samuel hesitated.

Stella remained silent, waiting for him to say something.

Samuel paused for a moment and continued, “Too many things happened these few days and I didn’t get the chance to apologize to you.”

“Apologize?”

“Madison did a lot of mistakes in the past, she felt guilty especially after what happened about Logan. She is not a bad person, she is just not very bright and always creates troubles. She knew she was wrong now.”

Stella smiled, "I know, if I hold grudges on her, I won't let her take care of my son."

Samuel felt relieved hearing that. 'True, if Stella wants revenge, she won't let Madison take care of her son.'

Samuel let out a deep breath, "Thank you."

"No worries."

Stella went to the supermarket after she left the office. She bought quite a lot of food and fruits that help wound recovery and put them in Clarence's empty fridge.

Stella put the soup pot on the stove and went to the bedroom. The wretched man was still sleeping.

She closed the door and headed back to arrange the stuff she bought. But she stopped in front of the washroom.

She tilted her head, went inside, and picked up the hairdryer. She connected it to the socket and tried making it work but failed.

It was broken for real?

Stella changed to another socket but the result was the same.

Fine, it seemed like that wretched man was telling the truth.

She went back next door and saw Sherry and Madison.

Stella asked Madison to go home. As she sat down, Sherry leaned towards her, "How's Mr. Conrad?"

“He’s fine, still alive,” Stella said.

Soon as she finished, she recalled something and rose at once, “Sherry, take care of my son, the soup is still cooking on the stove.”

Sherry nodded and looked towards the kitchen, nothing was cooking.

She realized what was going on looking at Stella rushing over to next door, she was cooking next door.

Stella didn’t know if Clarence had an appetite to eat, she didn’t cook much, just fish soup and a simple vegetable dish.

She turned off the stove and wanted to wake Clarence but someone hugged her from behind.

Clarence rested his chin on her shoulder and said, “Morning.”

Stella was still holding a spoon, “It’s dark outside, not morning!” she said, slightly annoyed.

“Is it? I thought the sun hasn’t risen,” he said lazily.

Stella ignored him and pulled his hands on her waist, “Let go.”

“Let me hug for a little longer.” He rubbed his face against her neck, like a cat.

Stella froze for a while, ‘Has he gone insane because of the fever?’

She then put her hand on his forehead, it was still hot.

Clarence closed his eyes and tightened his hug.

Stella then said, "If you still behave this way, go to the hospital then."

Clarence released her hearing that. He took a step backward, rubbed his brows, and said, "This is not a dream?"

His question made Stella speechless, 'Such a shameless man.'

Stella turned around to put the soup into the bowl, "Take it as a dream then. There will be no angel like me that comes down from heaven just to lead you to the right path."

Clarence's doubtful face turned to smile.

Stella wanted to get the cutleries so she pushed him aside, "Get out, don't be in my way."

Clarence went sitting in the dining room.

Stella followed with the dishes she cooked and put them on the table.

Looking at the cutleries before his eyes, Clarence looked up in confusion, "You are not eating?"

"I'll eat at home." She went to the bedroom, took out the medicine, and put it in front of him. "Don't forget to take the pills after dinner. Your fever should be gone tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Clarence frowned.

Stella thought he thought it was too slow, recalling what the doctor said, she reminded him, "If you don't rest well, you will be sick until next year."

Clarence moved his eyebrows in silence.

“That’s it, I’m leaving,” Stella said.

“Will you be here tomorrow?”

“I’m not your caretaker.”

What she meant was she had done enough.

Stella left soon after.

Clarence stared at the food while gritted his teeth.

‘At least her attitude is much better than before. It’s worth the pain.’

...

Stella, Sherry, and the little one went to the mall after dinner while Daniel followed behind them, pushing the cart.

Sherry spent half an hour at the snacks area, perhaps due to being pregnant, her appetite improved tremendously, and couldn’t really stop eating. Her face was rounder now compared to before.

Stella looked around, “Sherry, I’ll go get something at the front, meet you at the counter.”

Sherry nodded, “Go on, I’ll go get some yogurt.”

Chapter 585-Stella arrived at the home electrical and appliances department pushing the little one in the cart. She finally found the hairdryer after searching for two rows and took her a few minutes to select one with good functionality and could last longer.

She headed straight to the check-out counter after that to meet Sherry and Daniel, made the payment, and went home.

Stella bathed her son once they arrived home and he fell asleep soon after.

It was nearly eleven at night after she put the baby to sleep and tidied up toys in the living room.

Stella sat on the sofa looking at the unopened hairdryer, let out a sigh, and went next door.

There was no one in the living room, hence, she went into the bedroom, looking at the half-closed door, and asked, "Clarence, are you asleep?"

"No."

"I picked up a hairdryer downstairs, it looks fine and it's in your bathroom now."

There was no reply. When Stella was about to leave, the door was opened. Clarence stood in front of her and said casually, "Nice pick."

Stella remained calm, avoided his reply, "Why are you not wearing clothes again?" She asked, frowning.

"I'm changing the medicine, having clothes on is inconvenient," Clarence said.

Stella gaze at his wounded arm hearing that, the gauze was half removed and she could see the wound was bleeding, it was quite terrifying.

"Can you manage it all by yourself?" She asked,

"Yes," Clarence replied.

Stella looked up, staring at him, feeling unbelievable.

'Why is he not pretend to be pity now?'

Since he said so, Stella didn't say anything else, "Goodbye then, be careful not to get water on your wound when you shower."

Clarence nodded and said, "Good night."

"Goodbye."

Stella went back next door, staring at the little one sound asleep, she hesitated and went back to Clarence.

Clarence was cleaning his wound in the bedroom. It was all swollen due to inflammation and it made the wound looked even scarier.

'Stella scared looking at these kinds of stuff, if she saw this, she might not be able to sleep well tonight, it might even leave her some bad memories,' he thought.

After cleaning up and sanitizing the wound, Clarence took the gauze, hold one end in his mouth and wrap it around his arm clumsily.

The door was pushed open while he was doing this.

"Why are you back?" Clarence asked.

Stella didn't say anything and sat beside him, looking at the gauze, "It's a mess," she said as she began removing it.

Clarence stopped her by holding her hands, "It's fine."

"If the condition worsens, you might lose this arm," Stella said.

Clarence turned silent.

Stella removed the gauze and sanitized the wound once again. When the cotton bud touched his wound, she felt as if her arm was hurting.

Clarence looked at her and lowered his head slowly.

When his lips were about to touch her forehead, "I'll kill you if I catch your cold," Stella warned.

He couldn't utter a word and slowly raised his head.

Stella wrapped up his wound after using the medicine, "Have you taken your pill?"

"Yes."

She then cleaned up and threw the used items into the trash, "Go to bed now."

"I've slept the whole day, can't sleep now," Clarence said.

"Do as you pleased, I'm going to bed now," Stella rose.

Clarence pulled her hand, "Can you sleep here tonight?"

"What do you think?" Stella turned to him.

“I think you can.”

Stella took a deep breath and tried pulling her hand back, slightly annoyed, but Clarence held on tight.

“I took care of you today because you are sick, don’t overthink, okay?” She said.

“Can you accompany me here tonight because I am sick?”

Stella stared at him without a word, it was obvious that she was about to lose it.

Clarence quickly released her, “Good night.”

Stella went for a shower and went to bed soon after, she stared blankly at the ceiling.

She didn’t do much today but was exhausted. She turned to the side and shut her eyes.

Stella was half-awakened in the middle of the night, feeling dizzy along with a runny nose.

‘I catch a cold from that wretched man?’ She thought.

She quickly woke up and swallowed some cold medicine, but still woke up feeling sick the next day.

She took her temperature, no fever but the runny nose and sneezing were signs of a cold.

Madison opened the door and saw the little one rolling in the crib, struggling to get up, while Stella on the other hand sat afar looking blankly at him.

Madison, “My God, what is going on?”

Stella, "I've got cold; I don't want him to catch my cold."

"You were fine yesterday, but now..."

Madison thought of something and didn't continue. She shrugged and picked up the baby in the crib.

After Madison fed the little one, she said, "Why don't you stay next door? The baby can catch your cold easily if you stay here."

"I'll go to the office," Stella said as she stood up.

"It's Saturday, why would you go to the office?"

"Oh..." Stella was a little confused.

She took her stuff and said, "I'll visit the hospital and find a place to kill time. I'll come back after I feel better."

Madison put the baby on the mat, "Why won't you go next door?"

"I don't want Sherry to catch my cold."

"I meant Clarence's place, he is sick too, both with viruses should stay together, don't go out and spread to others."

Stella closed her eyes and felt the urge to sneeze, she quickly covered her mouth, "I'm going."

Stella visited the hospital. The doctor said it was common flu and she would be fine after three days with medication.

She must not get close to the baby under this condition. The baby had a weaker immune system and easily caught a cold from others.

Stella sneezed a few times at the hospital entrance, she felt sick and uncomfortable.

And then the rain pour, it was such a sad and misfortune scenario.

She was thinking about renting a room in a nearby hotel when Sherry called.

“Stella, Mr. Conrad passed out due to fever? I knocked on the door a few times but no one answer, do you want to come back and take a look?”

Stella took a deep breath, “I’ll be back right away.”

Stella went into Clarence’s bedroom and saw him lying on the bed. She then touched his forehead and found that his fever had worsened. ‘Didn’t he had the medicine last night?’

She reached for her mobile, called Nathan, and asked for his personal doctor’s contact.

Chapter 586-After the private doctor listened to what Stella had said, he replied, “Mrs. Conrad, Mr. Conrad’s condition is exacerbated by the infection of his injuries which worsened his cold. Rest assured that he’ll be fine once we get the infection under control.”

Stella frowned and asked, “Are you certain that he doesn’t need to go to the hospital?”

“No, no. There is no need to. But he needs to take the medicine as directed.” The doctor replied.

“He took the medicine yesterday afternoon and at night,” Stella answered.

The doctor exclaimed and said, “That’s strange. He should be getting better by right.”

He continued after a pause, "Mrs. Conrad, did you change his bandages this morning?"

"Er... not yet." Mrs. Conrad replied guiltily.

"Then can you kindly change his bandages and then give him another dose of the medicine? If he doesn't get better in a couple of hours, I'll make a trip over." The doctor said.

Stella heaved a sigh and replied, "Okay, I'll do that."

Stella ended the call and left to cook some porridge when it did not appear that Clarence was about to wake up.

She filled the pot with water and left it on the stove before going over to the washing machine to do some laundry. Thereafter, she tidied the living hall and when she was emptying the trash, she noticed some pills inside the trash can.

Stella squatted next to the trash can and then carefully picked up the pills inside the trash can. Then she went to compare them with the medicine that the doctor prescribed for Clarence.

True enough, they were identical. Stella frowned immediately and tightly clenched her fists.

...

In fact, Clarence was already awake when Stella called the doctor. He laid on the bed with his eyes wide open before shutting them when he heard the door opening.

Stella brought the medical box and sat beside the bed. She took out a pair of small scissors and began to cut the bandage on his arm. She was very precise and gentle in reapplying the ointment onto his wounds.

Suddenly, Clarence grunted in pain.

Stella asked softly, "You're awake?"

Clarence opened his eyes, looked at her, and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Changing your bandage and reapplying the ointment." Stella relaxed the tension on the bandage and continued, "Look at how badly your wound is infected. I'll try a more aggressive means of treatment."

Clarence pursed his lips and asked, "What good will it do?"

"Aren't you awake? Since you had already given up hope on your arm, let's do some experiment with it."

Clarence was speechless.

Stella looked at the wound and it was not bleeding. She continued to bandage the wound and then left when it was done.

Clarence slowly sat up on the bed and started to rub his temples. A moment later, Stella returned with a bowl of porridge, placed it on the bedside table, and then left.

Clarence waited for several seconds. When he did not hear the outside door being opened and shut, he picked up the tray with the bowl and left the room for the dining room.

He saw Stella eating at the dining table. Clarence placed the tray on the table and sat opposite her and asked, "Why didn't you go back?"

Stella replied without raising her head, "Thanks to you, now I have a cold."

Clarence frowned slightly and grinned. He picked up the spoon and scooped some porridge and said, "Have you gone to the doctor?"

“Yes.” She replied.

“What did the doctor say?” He asked.

“The doctor asked me to prepare to die if I don’t take my medicine.” Stella snapped.

Clarence was speechless. He then looked towards the trash can and frowned. She had discovered what he had done.

Stella continued to eat while Clarence kept his silence.

They continued to eat quietly without speaking a word. After the meal, Stella washed her dishes and went to the sofa to take her medicine. Likewise, Clarence sat beside her with a glass of water and picked up his medicine from the coffee table. Stella glared at him for mimicking her actions.

Clarence obediently took the medicine and placed them in his mouth and washed them down with a glass of water. After that, Clarence turned towards her and asked, “Why are you looking at me?”

Stella sighed and then looked away and took her medicine.

The rain was gradually becoming heavier and it was gloomy outside. It was an excellent day to sleep at home. The medicine caused drowsiness and soon Stella fell asleep on the sofa.

Clarence grinned when he saw this and walked over to Stella. He knelt beside her and then called softly, “Stella.”

There was no reply.

Clarence gently pinched her nose and she reflexively frowned and swatted his hand but remained asleep. It looked like she was truly asleep.

Clarence stood up, picked her up in his arms, and positioned her onto the bed. She was in deep sleep due to the cold medicine and did not wake up in the process.

Clarence covered her with the blanket, laid beside her, and gently embraced her.

Stella habitually grabbed his waist and then snuggled in his embrace and continued to sleep soundly.

Clarence gave her a peck on her forehead and closed his eyes.

...

When Stella woke up, the entire house was pitch black. She was in a daze and did not want to get out of bed. She stretched herself and reached for her cellphone to check the time but instead of her phone, she felt a nose and the lips of a man.

Stella was speechless. She paused for a couple of seconds before reaching to feel his forehead.

Good, it seemed that his fever had subsided.

Stella could see through the window that it was already night and it appeared that it was late in the night. She quickly sat up and wondered what the situation was next door.

As soon as she sat up on the bed, she was quickly pulled back onto the bed.

Clarence said with a raspy voice, "Sleep a while longer."

"Sleep? It's already dark. You can sleep all you want." She pushed aside his hand and ran outside.

Stella and Madison practically opened the door at the same time.

Madison said, "Hey, your brother's here. I'll leave now."

Stella nodded, "Be careful on the roads, it's still raining."

Madison waved, "No worries, my husband's here to pick me up."

Stella was speechless.

The lift arrived and Madison said, "Goodbye."

After taking a few steps, she turned around and said, "Oh yes, since you still have a cold, you should not go back tonight. Otherwise, your son would be looking for you. Why don't you stay here tonight?"

Stella felt a splitting headache and said, "Go ahead now."

After Madison left, Stella went to the apartment next door and called out, "Chan."

Channing looked around and asked, "How is your cold?"

"It's getting better... a little." She mumbled.

The kid saw Stella and wanted to crawl over as he called out, "Mommy..."

As he tried to crawl over to Stella, Channing carried him up and said to Stella, "I'll be here this weekend. Come back after you recover from your cold."

Stella frowned and then sighed, "Hold onto him. I'll get some clothes from my room." [REDACTED]

Chapter 587-When Clarence stood at the door and saw Stella bringing a suitcase over, his grin became even wider.

When he and Stella exchanged looks, he raised his eyebrows and then stepped aside to make way for Stella to enter. Stella took a couple of steps and went towards the other apartment. She tried the password and it was in error.

Stella looked at Clarence and asked, "What's the password?"

Clarence turned and walked into his apartment and said, "I forgot."

Stella was speechless. She then waved her fist at Clarence.

At this moment, another door opened and Sherry stuck out her head. On seeing that Stella had a suitcase, she asked, "Stella, why don't you stay with me for a couple of days?"

Stella shook her head, "No, I'll spread the cold to you."

At this moment, Daniel walked out and said, "How about this? Sherry can stay with me at my place and Ms. Radomil can stay here at your place. It's more convenient for her to look after her kid."

Sherry quickly added, "Yeah, Stella, I agree..." Sherry held back her words when she saw the disapproving expression from Clarence.

Stella frowned, "Forget it. It's raining heavily outside. It's not convenient for you to go out in the rain."

Sherry then said, "Alright then. Then we'll not leave. Rest early. Goodnight."

Daniel wanted to say something but was dragged into the apartment by Sherry and she quickly shut the door behind them.

Stella turned around and glared angrily at Clarence. After a long sigh, she walked towards his apartment.

After closing the door, Stella placed her luggage aside and went into the bedroom to take a blanket and laid it on the sofa. Clarence walked over and then said nonchalantly, "I can share half of the bed with you. There is no need to sleep on the sofa."

Stella disregarded him, pulled the luggage, and then entered the bedroom.

Clarence followed behind her and called out, "Stella..."

Bang! The door was shut.

Clarence was speechless.

So she prepared the sofa for him to sleep in? He knocked on the door and asked, "You're making a patient sleep on the sofa?"

Stella replied coldly, "Thanks to you, I'm also a patient now."

"We can sleep together," Clarence said mischievously.

Stella locked the door.

Clarence gritted his teeth and was dumbfounded for a couple of minutes before walking over to the sofa.

After half an hour, someone knocked on the bedroom door. Clarence then said, "Dinner."

On hearing, Stella realized that she was hungry. She placed down her drafts and opened the door. There were some dishes and porridge on the table. It was obvious that Clarence had them delivered.

Stella did not stand on ceremony and sat at the dining table.

Clarence sat opposite her and said tenderly, "Is your cold getting better?"

Stella dished some porridge and then replied, "Much better."

Clarence reached over the table and then felt her forehead. Stella was stunned and then he said, "Hmm... at least the fever had subsided."

"But I did not have a fever," Stella remarked.

Clarence replied, "Oh?"

It was already nine o'clock when they finished dinner. She placed the kettle on the stove to boil some water before heading back to her room to continue with her drawings. She had accumulated a lot of work and the office had prepared some channels for sales but to date, the new models had not been ready for sales.

Now that Stella had some time, she wanted to put all her energy into the designs. She was so focused that she forgot to take her medicine and neither did she notice the knock on the door.

Clarence opened the door and saw her at the table. She was busy with her drawings. Clarence stood at the door observing her for a while before going to the kitchen to pour her a glass of water. He placed the glass of water on the table and finally, Stella looked up at him.

"Time for your medicine," Clarence said.

"Oh." Stella took over the medicine and checked the temperature of the glass of water. The water was just right.

After taking the medicine, Clarence left with the empty glass.

Stella raised her eyebrows in surprise as she did not expect him to be so attentive to details.

Stella was satisfied with her draft and stood up to stretch her back. She then walked over to the door and gently pushed it open. She saw Clarence was taking his medicine. So it seemed that Clarence did not want to lose his arm.

Stella closed the door and got back to her drawings. She was not at all tired. Perhaps it was because she slept for the entire afternoon. She continued with her drawings until midnight.

She went out of the room and saw Clarence sitting on the sofa and working on his laptop. Stella took the medical box and walked over to him. She sat beside him and Clarence set aside his laptop. Stella stared at his wound when she was changing the bandage. The last two times she had changed the bandages in the bedroom and the lighting was dim. Now at the sitting room, the lighting was bright and she could take a good look at the wound. It was shocking.

On noticing, Clarence covered her eyes and said, "Don't look."

Stella replied, "How can I apply the ointment without looking?"

"Follow my instructions." He said.

Stella was speechless. Why did he have to complicate something so simple?

Clarence picked up an ear bud and placed it in her hand. He then held her hand and guided it towards the wound.

Stella followed his instructions and finally managed to apply the ointment and bandaged it. She started to clear the rubbish and said, "It's not the first time I'm doing this. What are you afraid of?"

"You didn't stare at it that way in the past." Clarence retorted.

Stella was dumbfounded and could not respond.

Clarence then said, "It's my duty to protect you. Don't blame yourself."

Stella immediately replied loudly, "I don't blame myself!"

Clarence grinned, "I can hear you fine, you need not raise your voice."

Stella gritted her teeth and kicked him. What a scoundrel!

She indeed felt guilty but she hid it well from him. But why did he have to expose her? Why did he have to emphasize it?

Stella stood up but Clarence grabbed her wrist and pulled her to sit down on his lap.

Stella struggled and yelled, "Release me!"

Clarence grunted and frowned in pain, "Stop hitting, it hurts."

"Go on with your show!" Stella yelled.

"If the wound bleeds again, you'll have to redress the bandages again. Aren't I doing this in consideration for you?"

Clarence grabbed tightly onto her waist as he asked, "Still angry?"

"Are you a broken record? Must you ask every day? Angry, angry, angry! You're driving me to my grave!"

Before Stella could finish, her lips had been pressed. Unexpectedly, Clarence seized the opportunity when she was distracted and grabbed her head towards him and firmly kissed her.??????

Chapter 588-Clarence was thrown out of the room and locked outside after the kiss.

He tapped on the door and reasoned, "Can you be reasonable and let me in?"

Stella replied immediately, "Don't you know that I've always been unreasonable?"

Clarence touched his lips as he savored the kiss and returned to the sofa with a wide grin on his face. Stella on the other hand lay on the bed. She started to yawn as the medicine began to take effect. She covered herself with the blanket and slowly fell asleep.

Later on in the night, she was woken by the thunderclaps. Stella sat on the bed and listened to the pitter-pattering of the rain. Occasionally she could feel a cold breeze blowing through the room.

She then remembered that the blanket that she took for Clarence was rather thin and started to worry that his cold would worsen... When that happened, she would be the one to suffer. Stella got out of bed and started to look for a thicker blanket for him.

She gently opened the door and saw that Clarence was still working. Stella placed the blanket beside him and said, "Have you regained your conscience after resting two days at home?"

Clarence closed his laptop and answered, "I'm just making good use of my time."

Stella reached for the thermometer to check his temperature. His body temperature was normal and did not have a fever anymore.

"You're fine. Sleep now. You should have recovered by tomorrow." Stella said.

Clarence replied, "I don't think I'll ever recover."

Stella placed the thermometer down and asked, "Do you intend to sleep with your hair wet?"

"That's because I tried to borrow the hairdryer but you didn't give it to me," Clarence answered.

"Are you implying that I'm trying to make you fall sick?" Stella retorted.

"That's not what I meant." Clarence looked outside and continued, "It's rather cold."

"I brought out another blanket for you," Stella said.

"I want to go into the bedroom." Clarence requested.

Stella scoffed, "Sweet dreams."

Stella returned to the bedroom and slept till the morning. She felt much better and her nose was no longer blocked. She stretched and just as she was about to turn around, she felt a hand on her waist.

Stella was speechless.

Clarence was lying beside her and said, "Good morning."

Stella asked, "I remembered that I locked the door."

"You remembered wrongly."

"How did you get in?"

"Didn't you say sweet dreams? I thought that was your invitation to me." Clarence said mischievously.

The conversations became pointless. Stella rolled her eyes and wanted to get out of bed but was pulled back by Clarence.

Clarence closed his eyes and mumbled, "Don't move."

Stella took a deep breath and laid still. A moment later, she noticed that Clarence was not moving and then she quickly escaped from his clutches.

She went next door to look at her kid. Thereafter she continued with her drawings in the room.

Nathan came to deliver some documents for Clarence but each time he had to sneak in to avoid Stella finding out.

It was the evening and Clarence knocked on the door, "Let's go out for a walk."

"Go ahead. I don't want to."

"We've been cooped up inside for several days. Don't you want to stretch your legs?"

"That's you. I've only been inside for a day." Stella scoffed.

"Some exercise is good for you." Clarence persisted.

Stella placed down her pencil and looked at him emotionlessly.

Clarence continued, "The rain has stopped. Let's go out for some fresh air."

At this moment, Stella indeed felt that she was slightly dizzy. She had been drawing for the entire day and should go out for a break to rest her eyes.

The rain had just stopped and there were pools of water everywhere. The air was crisp and cool.

Stella stretched her back and swung her arms for some exercise. After taking a couple of steps, Clarence grabbed her waist and pulled her to the side of the road.

At this moment, a car drove past and splashed some muddy water onto his trousers.

Stella frowned but Clarence was calm about it.

Clarence said, "There's a garden over there."

Stella was still stunned and asked, "What?"

Clarence walked on while holding onto her hand. Stella tried in vain to break free from his grasp.

There were numerous people in the garden, young and old, couples, taking a stroll. Nearby there was some playing guitar. Stella walked over for a closer look.

She pulled Clarence towards the sound of the guitar and he went along.

They finally found a young man playing the guitar. They merged with the crowd just as they were requesting songs for this young man to perform. The man looked around at the crowd and then stopped at Stella. He asked, "Miss, which song would you like me to perform?"

Stella was stunned and looked around before asking, "Me?"

"Yes, you, you're the one I picked in the crowd. It's fate..."

Before he could finish, he noticed that her hand was held by Clarence and was staring coldly back at him. He quickly stopped trying to chat up Stella.

Stella replied, "I'm fine, just play anything you wish."

The man readied himself and with a huff, blew aside his fringe and said, "Then I'll play the song 'Joyous break up'."

Clarence was speechless.

Stella blurted out a chuckle.

The music was lovely but the atmosphere became melancholic.

After the song, the young man asked again, "Lady, how is it? Do you have any thoughts of breaking up?"

Before Stella could reply, Clarence said coldly, "You're pushing your luck."

The young man persisted, "Shall I play another?"

Clarence was upset now and was about to walk forward but felt someone holding him back.

Stella asked softly, "What are you doing?"

"Teach him a lesson," Clarence replied angrily.

"How old are you? He's just a kid." Stella said while glaring at him.

Clarence grinned and then whispered into her ears, "I don't intend to hurt him, just watch."

Then, he brushed off Stella's hand and then walked towards the young man. He took over the guitar and then started to play an upbeat tune. His ad hoc performance caused a nearby group of young girls to scream in excitement, "Oh, he's great!"

Stella frowned and wondered about the purpose of his performance.

The young man scoffed and folded his hands but could only look on quietly.

Chapter 589-When everyone around was looking at him, Clarence slightly moved his long finger, creating the sound of a slow and romantic song.

The man that was waiting to see his embarrassment had a change of expression, he thought that Clarence was just boasting and never thought that Clarence could play guitar.

Clarence looked at Stella amongst the crowd and smiled.

Soon after, there was a heart-touching male voice.

"But when we first met

I got so nervous I couldn't speak

At that very moment

I found the one and

...

What we have is timeless

My love is endless

...

You're my every reason

You're all that I believe in

..."

The wind was blowing softly from all sides, Stella was quite entranced by his voice.

She didn't think that Clarence could play the guitar either... Well, apart from playing the guitar, he unexpectedly sang well too.

He was sitting there; the people crowding around him were more than twice of those crowding that young man just now.

Many ladies were holding their screams back, taking their cellphones out to take pictures and videos.

After one song ended, the audience went quiet for several seconds before clapping enthusiastically, their screams lingered by the ears.

Clarence raised his eyebrows towards Stella, gave the guitar to the guy, and walked up to her, "How is it?"

Stella withdrew her thoughts and nodded, "I didn't expect that Mr. Conrad is even multitalented, there are so many young ladies who like you, you can even debut after sorting things out."

"Sort what?"

'Sort your bad temper and vicious mouth.'

More and more people surrounded them, there were even some who recognized Stella and discussed in whispers.

"Eh, look at that woman, isn't she Ms. Radomil?"

"Ms. Radomil? You mean that pretty good looking designer?"

"That's right, it's her."

"If that's Ms. Radomil, then the one beside her would be..."

Before they finished speaking, Clarence already pulled Stella out of the crowd and left.

But the scene of Clarence playing the guitar just now, including the part where he walked up to Stella, had already been recorded and uploaded to the internet in an instant.

In less than half an hour, it was already on the trending list.

In the beginning, when the playing guitar video appeared, most of the comments would be,

"Oh my gosh, is he a new idol that debuted this year from some program?"

"Don't fight for him, I'll call him 'Honey' first."

"Hey, I want to know everything about him in five minutes."

“He’s too handsome in every possible angle, he’s better than the young idols in the entertainment industry.”

“It’s been ten minutes, dear secretaries, did you get any information about him?”

Right at that time, someone suddenly said a sentence.

“Isn’t he... from Conrad Group?”

The crowd was speechless.

The crowd was confused.

Soon after, the video with Stella in it was posted too.

The trending topic changed from # Meeting a Super Handsome Guy Playing a Guitar # into # Conrad Group’s CEO Plays the Guitar in Front of Everyone to Show His Love for Ex-wife #.

“So sad, I’m so fucking sad, what kind of supernatural love is this?”

“Oh my gosh, Mr. Conrad’s face is awesome, Radomil is also very pretty!”

“It turns out that else than tapping the keyboard, Mr. Conrad’s hands can also play the guitar...”

“Hahaha, that’s so funny!”

What “What does tapping keyboard mean? Enlighten me.”

Replied, “There was that one time that the internet commentators roasted Mr. Conrad’s ex-wife of wanting to freeload on Conrad Group’s popularity and finding a sugar daddy and financial backer or

something, Mr. Conrad directly used the Conrad Group's official Twitter to retaliate, he roasted those internet commentators until they all deleted their comments."

Replied, "Mr. Conrad is awesome, so godly!"

...

Going down the elevator, right when Stella wanted to go back and visit the child, the door next to her was opened and Sherry popped her head out, her face was full of gossip and excitement, "Stella, you're back?"

Stella nodded, "The rain has stopped, the air outside is quite fresh."

Sherry looked at her, she then looked at Clarence behind her, her smile slowly turned dubious, "I could see that the air became flirtatious."

Stella was confused.

Sherry coughed and sternly said, "Then I won't disturb you anymore, good night Stella, rest earlier."

"Good night."

Sherry made a "fighting" gesture to Clarence behind Stella and said, "Mr. Conrad, fighting, you're so godly!"

After saying that, she immediately closed the door.

Stella was baffled, she turned her head and looked at Clarence, he was putting one hand in his pocket, with his chin slightly lifted, and an indifferent tone, "She had always adored me."

Stella was speechless.

She opened the door, the child was sitting on the carpet, fiddling with toys.

Seeing that he was playing so seriously, Stella didn't disturb him, she was also scared that the child would cry when he saw her... Thus, she moved softly, closed the door slowly, and went out.

Clarence said, "Why don't you go in?"

"What for? To make him cry?"

"He would cry even if you didn't make it."

Stella recalled Clarence's bad attitude before when he brought her to see the child.

She spoke angrily, "Seems like you often make him cry at ordinary times."

Clarence didn't say anything, he just raised his eyebrows without giving any comment.

He walked forward with his long legs and opened the door beside him.

When they just entered, Nathan called him.

Clarence walked as he accepted the call, "Speak."

Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad and Madam are on the trending list..."

"Hm?"

On that side, Clarence was on the call, Stella walked to the dining table, poured a cup of water, and was going to take some medicine.

Actually, her flu had gotten pretty much better, there were only a bit of light symptoms left, with some more medicine, she would probably be fully healed by the next day.

Stella just poured the water, when she was going to eat the medicine, she heard her cellphone continuously rang.

She took her cellphone out and saw that all the messages were from Sherry.

There were dozens of them in total.

Stella opened the chatbox, everything Sherry had sent was videos, right after Stella opened one of them, she nearly spurted out the water in her mouth.

Sherry, 'If I didn't see this with my own eyes, it's very hard to believe that Mr. Conrad could be so attractive at times!'

Sherry, 'Do you know? Some people even said that he's the new idol this year.'

Sherry, 'Tsk, if you look at his face, he does not look like a nearly 30 years old man.'

Sherry, 'Now a bunch of young ladies are calling him "Honey" loudly, he might just bring a mistress home one day, you must feel a sense of crisis! ?????'

Chapter 590-After accepting the call, Clarence turned his head and saw Stella choking over water and coughing.

He walked over and patted her back softly.

Stella immediately turned off her phone's screen.

Clarence retracted his gaze and said, "What are you talking about?"

Stella said, "Nothing, nothing at all."

She took her cup again and drank it as she lifted her head.

When she finished drinking, Clarence took the thing beside him, "You haven't had your medicine."

Stella, "...Oh."

She poured another cup of water, turned her head and looked at Clarence, "The video of you playing the guitar was uploaded to the internet."

Clarence tore the aluminium foil, took two pills out, and slowly said, "I know."

Stella recalled the call that he just received, he was probably talking about this matter.

She said, "Have you taken down the trending?"

Clarence put the pills in her hand, "What for? It would be very expensive."

Stella's smile was gone, "I didn't think that you like to be the hot topic that everyone would discuss."

Clarence said, "I don't. However..."

He puts his hands by Stella's side to the edge of the table, holding her in his embrace, and continued speaking, "Didn't I do this to make you feel a sense of crisis?"

Stella was speechless.

Was he crazy?

He really had good eyes, he could even see that.

Clarence smiled, took the cup on the table and handed it to her as he slowly said, "My love is endless."

My love for you would be endless.

Stella accepted the water, deliberately keeping her calm, "Sorry, my English is not good, I don't understand what you are saying."

He tactfully said, "Since that is so, then when you go overseas for the fashion week in several months, you will need a translator, I'm willing to help."

"Chan can go with me."

"He has no time."

"You knew it again."

Clarence said, "I always have a precise ability to judge things that have yet to happen."

Stella didn't want to pay attention to him, she turned around and ate the medicine.

...

After a weekend had passed, Stella had fully recovered from her sickness.

Monday morning after she put her things back, she played with the child and went downstairs with Channing.

They just walked to the neighbourhood gate, the Rolls-Royce parked by the road was opened and Clarence's figure appeared before their eyes, "Hop on, I'll send you."

Stella acted like she didn't see it as she spoke to Channing, "I'm leaving first, send me a message when you get to school."

Channing nodded, "Okay."

After Stella left, Channing said, "Don't you guys stay together through the weekend? Why is there no progress at all?"

Clarence snorted coldly, "Don't you know that your sister turns hostile faster than turning the page of a book?"

After saying that, he got into the car.

Channing raised his eyebrows, turned around, and went to the MRT station.

...

Stella just entered the company and heard most of the staff members were talking about the video of Clarence playing the guitar.

She rubbed the space between her eyebrows as that made her headache.

Not long after she arrived at the office, Samuel entered and said, "Ms. Radomil, I have contacted Bonnie there, she said that she's going to report the case to the police this evening, I've sent people to go with her in case Mr. Bernard's men will do anything on the way."

"Have you contacted the other victims?"

"I did, but... After all, those were all profitable exchanges at first, and they had received a lot of bonus or is now the company's high-level, asking them to show up and testify against Mr. Bernard will make them expose their own scandal back then, so..."

No one was willing to come out.

Stella said, "It's fine, just let this be. With Bonnie's testimony, he wouldn't be able to be out for quite some time, as for the others, we'll see how the police handle it."

"Okay, then I'll go out first."

"Wait." Stella called him, coughed, and said, "Is that... still in the trending?"

Samuel was stunned before he realized what she was asking about, he answered and said, "The trending is less popular this morning."

Stella sighed in relief, she was thinking, if she was still on the trending list, she would just spend money to take it down.

In any case, Clarence was the CEO of Conrad Group, who would often use such a strange way to get to the trending, no matter the Conrad Group or the Steward Group, both would inevitably be gossiped, and the influence wouldn't be good as well.

Samuel spoke again, "But..."

"But what?"

“Half an hour ago, Conrad Group’s official Twitter put out a statement.”

Stella took her cellphone out and opened Twitter.

‘Conrad Group’s official Twitter VIP account, we didn’t think that Mr. Conrad would appear in front of everyone in such a way and we also thank everyone for your fondness of Mr. Conrad. As for the matter last night, there are two important points that Mr. Conrad told us to convey. First, please don’t call him “Honey”, his family is strict and he has only one wife in all his life. Two, it’s not “ex-wife” but “girlfriend” who will be his future life partner, please don’t use the wrong adjective again.’

Stella looked at that declaration and sneered.

Samuel left at a right time.

Stella put her cellphone down, looked up and took a deep breath.

What the heck did she do wrong?

At the same time, in the Conrad Group’s CEO office.

Clarence scrolled through the comments below that statement, slightly smiling.

Seeing the situation, Nathan tried to say, “Mr. Conrad, you can play the guitar.”

Clarence was speechless

Clarence slightly looked up at him without any expression.

Nathan immediately looked to another place, pretending that nothing ever happened.

Clarence said, "How's Armand?"

"Still in the investigation, he won't admit it like what we thought about before, he persists on saying that Lyndon used him, Logan slandered and framed him. But regarding his sexual assault, Madam has contacted the victim and they will go to the police station to report the case this evening."

Clarence lightly tapped the table with his finger, "With the current situation, no one is willing to help him anymore, he can't persist for long."

At that time, Nathan's cellphone rang, he walked to the side and accepted the call.

After one minute, Nathan stood again in front of Clarence, his expression became even more serious, "Mr. Conrad, it's a call from the Conrad family, saying that Young Master Justin wants to see you."

Clarence's hand slightly stopped before he finally answered, "Tell them that I'll go there in the evening."

Nathan said, "Mr. Conrad, are you really going to go?"

"Or else?"

"Even if Madame Conrad commuted suicide, but after all, she planted seeds of hatred between you and Young Master Justin... Wouldn't it be better if you don't go?"

Clarence indifferently said, "He wouldn't go as far as setting traps and tricks around the Conrad family to harm me."

Nathan was silent before he replied to the call.

One just said, the "game" that Joanna left before she passed away seemed like a stalemate game, but it's ever-changing and full of turbulence.

Once one was careless, one would fall into it and be doomed forever.